

The Flagstaff Sun-Democrat.

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PROFESSIONAL.

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SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. O. U. W.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE, No. 13. Meets every Thursday night, in G. A. R. hall. Visiting Workmen are cordially invited. J. C. GRIM, M. W. LOUIS SPIERS, Recorder.

COURT COCONINO, I. O. F., NO. 100. Meets every Tuesday evening in G. A. R. hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. DR. D. J. BRANNEN, C. E. LOUIS SPIERS, R. S.

FLAGSTAFF LODGE, NO. 7, F. & A. M. Regular meetings on the first Saturday night of each calendar month in Masonic Hall, Kilpatrick building. Sojourning brethren cordially invited. W. H. ANDERSON, Master. J. GUTHRIE SAVAGE, Secretary.

FOREST CAMP, NO. 1, WOODMEN of the World. Meets the first and third Mondays in each month, in the G. A. R. Hall. Visiting Sovereigns cordially welcome. T. S. BUNCH, Counsel Com. T. E. POLLOCK, Clerk.

G. A. R.—REGULAR MEETINGS OF Ransom Post, G. A. R., No. 4. Department of Arizona, will be held in G. A. R. hall on second and last Saturday in each month. E. R. JONES, Commander. E. H. CRESS, Post Adjutant.

I. O. O. F.—FLAGSTAFF LODGE, NO. 11. Meets every Friday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting brethren cordially invited. J. E. JONES, N. G. J. L. DOUGHERTY, Secretary.

MOUNTAIN LODGE, NO. 13, K. OF P. Meets every Wednesday night in their castle hall in G. A. R. hall. All visiting brothers invited to attend. W. A. MAYFLOWER, C. O. C. H. COBLE, K. of R. S.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, REV. F. DILLY. Pastor. On Sundays: Low Mass at 8 o'clock a. m.; High Mass at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 3 p. m.; Evening services at 7:30 p. m. On week days: Mass at 7:30 a. m. On the second Sunday of each month, prayer meeting at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:30 a. m. All cordially invited.

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AMONG THE CLIFF DWELLINGS

A Californian Visits the Home of the Ancients.

Is Greatly Pleased With the Skylight City and Her Many Advantages as a Summer Resort—Goes to the Grand Canyon.

Ulysses G. B. Pierce, a visitor from California, in the China Valley Champion gives the following impressions of his first visit to the Cliff Dwellings:

Probably few people that cross the continent realize that in this region are to be found more natural wonders than in any other equal area in the world. Yet such is the fact. Ten miles from Flagstaff, in Walnut canyon, stand the prehistoric cliff dwellings; 15 miles to the east are the great lava beds; to the north stand the San Francisco mountains, in whose 12,000 feet the geologist finds every stratum of the earth represented; some distance to the east is the most extensive and best preserved agate forest yet known; while to the north again is the matchless Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Any one of these is worth crossing the continent to see, but when all these wonders are packed into one region, the attraction is simply irresistible. Add to all this the fact that Flagstaff is on a heavily-wooded plateau 60 by 200 miles and at an elevation of 7000 feet, and one has a good excuse for declining to go farther for his vacation.

Yesterday, returning from a visit to that standing enigma, the Cliff Dwellings, such was my interest that I viewed a second pilgrimage to those prehistoric homes. Imagine my delight, then, when early this morning the hotel man saluted me with: "If you want to go to the Cliffs today you can take my pony." The invitation needed not to be repeated. In due time a full fledged cowboy came to the door having in tow as pretty a pony as one could wish. We were to go together. "Gentle?" said I. "Dead sure," was the answer. And he added: "When you want to turn to the left, hold the lines over this way; when you want to go to the right, hold them over there; and when you want to stop, just hold the lines up so." That seemed simple enough, any child could understand that. So with a bound we started for our 20-mile ride. An easier mount one could not wish. What delight to be on the back of such a pony! In a few minutes, however, we had to cross the railroad. We were just in time to meet the overland freight, coming in two sections, with a screech and a groan. Now, sometimes it is hard to remember simple things and I presume I forgot just how to hold those lines. At that moment it failed to occur to me that all I had to do was to "hold the lines up so." I never so respected the humanity of a horse as when I saw how this pony enjoyed having his own way. It was refreshing to think of that—afterwards. And it was easy to forget it as we bounded into the great pine forest in which the road lay for six or eight miles, and such roads! As level as a board and as dustless.

Under such circumstances time passes all too soon. Almost before you know it the road ends. A short walk and you stand on the edge of Walnut canyon, 300 feet deep and about 15 miles long. One is not prepared for such a sight. On either side, as far as the eye goes, built beneath the overhanging cliffs, are to be seen these strange dwellings, defying alike the elements of nature and the curiosity of man. Here they are easily entered; yonder inaccessible to all but the eagle.

Perhaps one's first impression is of the wonderful wisdom and genius of this ancient people. They know where to build and they know how. If they were not Odd Fellows they were high Masons. Their walls are as true as we can build, and the crevices of time leave them still unshaken. Stones are there that could never have been put in place and faced without tools that the Indian never used. On the walls are still to be seen the smoke marks of their rude hearths. Scraps of pottery are evidence of their skill, and the coloring and decorations are indications of a primitive idea of beauty. But what moved me most was what I found in a little chamber used, doubtless, as a sleeping room. In a corner about two feet from the stone floor was the impression of a tiny baby hand. Baby and house were young together! Henceforth this is no dead place. Here, too, the drama of life was enacted. Birth, courtship, marriage and death have succeeded and made vocal these empty halls. This ancient people seems to live as one wanders from chamber to chamber. It is an experience never to be forgotten and one is loath to leave the spot so full of human interest.

Meantime the less curious horses have nibbled and rested and are only too glad to take their riders over the ten miles in an hour and a half. It is an ideal outing, stimulating to body and mind. The hymn of the ponies hoofs is merry music. After 29 miles on horseback and two hours of cliff climbing one finds with joy the sleep that insures such pleasant dreams. If this is not better than lounging on the seashore, where the fleas are as numerous as the sands thereof, then let thistles grow instead of barley and another reap where I have sown.

To-morrow morning, with blanket and camera, I start for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, and if not struck dumb with wonder, may speak of that late.

ULYSSES G. B. PIERCE.

Flagstaff, Arizona.

Children Die in Their Sleep.

Atlantic City, May 23.—When Gussie Staiger begged that her cousin, Ray Rafferty, be permitted to visit her for two weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Rafferty consented, and Ray left her home in Gloucester for the Staiger home at No. 29 States avenue, in this city.

The cousins were fast friends. When they went to bed last night the elder members of the family could hear them laughing and chatting.

It was Gussie who always prepared her father's breakfast. She did not appear this morning. He went to call her. When he opened the door there was a rush of gas. Lying side by side on the bed were the two girls.

They seemed to be asleep, but they were cold in death.

Gas was escaping freely. The fixture was new and had been freshly oiled. The key was turned wide open. The door and the windows were tightly closed.

Dr. Reed, who was summoned, said that the girls had been dead for hours. The death of their child has made Mrs. Staiger insane with grief, and the physicians fear for her recovery.

Perry, Ok.—Peter Turner, a one-legged man, of 50, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for stealing a horse and wagon. Some time ago he eloped with a 15-year-old girl and the articles were stolen to get out of the country with. Turner gets a year and a half at Lansing, Kan.

At the clinic for the benefit of the Canada Medical association, in session at Montreal, were exhibited several cats and dogs, the brains of which had been extracted three days before, to show the possibility of extracting diseased brains of human beings. The operation was performed under the direction of Professor Wesley Mills. The animals seemed perfectly healthy, walked about wagging their tails and are expected to live. The display was kept quiet for fear of interference from the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

SUPREME COURT DECISION.

The Rights and Contentions of Tunnel-Site Locators

From the Mining & Scientific Press we copy the following: "The Supreme court of the United States has handed down a decision in the Colorado case known as the Rico-Aspen tunnel case. The decision apparently settles this controversy, not only of that particular case, but between the tunnel-site owner and subsequent locators of veins along the line of the tunnel-site or in its territory. The decision of the Supreme court settles the contention that a tunnel-site locator has the right to possession of its face, which was not discovered when the tunnel was located; provided that the tunnel-site owners have prosecuted the work on the tunnel with diligence. And the discovery of a lode or vein from the surface after the location of the tunnel will not deprive the owner of the tunnel of any part of the vein; and, provided further, that he has diligently prosecuted his work on the tunnel. The decision also settles the right of the owner of such tunnel to locate 1,500 feet along the vein, and this location may be made partially upon one side of the point of discovery of the tunnel, or entirely upon one side."

Blanche Lamont's Murderer.

The Durrant trial and his conviction has caused no little comment from newspapers. Indeed the murder of Minnie Williams and Blanche Lamont in Emanuel church, San Francisco, Cal., was one of the most brutal on record. Since Durrant's conviction a powerful effort has been made to secure a new trial, and having failed in this, an appeal has been made to Governor Budd to commute his sentence to life imprisonment. It now transpires that one W. T. Bryant, an aged inmate of the Soldiers' and Sailors' home at Monte Vista, Colo., has made a sworn statement to the effect that Durrant is innocent, and that Rev. J. George Gibson, pastor of the Emanuel church, is the murderer. Below is his sworn statement:

"My name is William T. Bryant. I am 63 years of age. I have lived in California since 1849 up to March, 1896. I am familiar with the location of the Emanuel Baptist church in which Blanche Lamont was murdered. I was in the church the night of the murder. I saw Rev. J. George Gibson with a woman in his arms in the body of the church, going toward the south corner of the church. I heard him say: 'This kills more evidence.' I know Rev. J. George Gibson perfectly well. I heard the woman groan a number of times as though in mortal agony. I make this statement as an act of justice to an innocent man. Theodore Durrant did not murder Blanche Lamont, but Rev. J. George Gibson did.

(Signed) "WM. T. BRYANT."

The witnesses of the signature are Commander S. M. French of the home and E. W. Garretson and Mr. Bryant's oath is certified to by Harvey W. Green, notary public. Bryant has been in the home but a few months, having resided in Denver a year prior to his admission.

It is generally believed by many that Bryant is either demented or a crank seeking notoriety. He sticks to his story, and says the reason he never disclosed the fact of the murder was that he did not want to return to California. He admits that he can't remember the day of the week or in what month the murder occurred, but that he saw an account of it in the San Francisco papers the day after the occurrence. He explains how he came to be in Emanuel church at the time of the murder. He said he was out of money, had no place to sleep and picked the lock of the church, entered and went to sleep for the night. He was awakened by a scuffling noise and heard sounds of suppressed breathing. On rising up and looking over the

rows of seats he saw a man take up a woman and carry her in his arms with one hand over her mouth, to the south corner of the church. Then he heard groans and heard the man say "That kills that evidence; thank God." He slipped out of the church unobserved and awaited the coming out of the man. At 10 o'clock the man came out and walked past him and he observed his features carefully and he knew it to be Rev. Mr. Gibson, pastor of the church.

The statement of Bryant is creating considerable excitement. He refuses to say much about the murder and says if he has to go to California, he must be returned. There is abundant testimony as to his sanity, though there are those who think him weak minded. It is said that he seems sincere and careful cross-examination does not develop any flaws in his story. A prominent physician who has examined Bryant says he is sane, though he finds by questioning him that he has had epileptic fits and, that this trouble was inherited. This story does not correspond with facts very closely. Blanche Lamont was murdered on April 3rd and her body was not found for ten days afterwards. Durrant expects to get a personal interview with Governor Budd, and hopes that the Governor will grant him a reprieve.

A curious freak of nature developed itself in the city. A Mexican woman has become the mother of four children. One is almost pure white; one is a full developed Indian; another a mongrel Chinese and the other a negro of the darkest type. If any city in the territory of the world for that matter, can show a more hybrid outfit, let it speak out. The mother and the children are doing well.—Arizona Citizen.

THE SUN DEMOCRAT of Flagstaff climbed on the band wagon of progressive newspapers last week, and appeared, for the first time, an all home-print paper. The day of boiler plates and patent insides is fast becoming a thing of the past. If the country newspaper constituency everywhere would encourage all home-prints, for it costs more money and certainly necessitates some encouragement, the standard of quality would appreciably be raised.—Yuma Sun.

Over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend: "All that pleases is but for a moment." Over another is sculptured a cross, and these are the words underneath: "All that troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription: "That only is important which is eternal."—London Echo.

A press dispatch from Manclova, Mexico, says: There is much excitement in mining circles in this section over the recent discovery of two old Spanish mines which were in operation nearly a century ago. These mines, according to traditions, were hidden from view by the Spaniards to prevent them from falling into the hands of the Indians. One of these mines, called El Peru, was accidentally discovered by a prospector and is now being drained. This mine has a depth of 125 feet and the ore assays 24 per cent lead and 640 ounces silver. The other rich mine discovered near here is the Mida del Agua, which according to the old Spanish records on file here, had produced \$100,000,000 worth of silver up to the time operations were suspended. This mine is now filled with water, but a tunnel is being driven into the side of the mountain which will strike the lower levels and let the water out. The ore from this mine assays 700 ounces of silver to the ton. It is now owned by an American company, of which Frank B. James is manager.